

Her next man was an aspiring painter.
He was sometimes unfaithful and often drunk.
The children loved him.
He left.

Her fourth man was a picture framer.
Although he was a schemer with the soul,
but not the tact, of a Dale Carnegie instructor,
he brought her little money.
Since he had fulfilled none of his early promise,
it was necessary to him that he continually prove,
in petty ways, his superiority to those who had.
He drove away her friends, replaced them with
his equally worthless cronies.
It was a source of irritation to him
that her children were more intelligent and charming
than himself.
His behavior towards them
kept her on the verge of losing custody.

He was faithful to her without blemish.
He did not even bring her sorrow.
In spite of the prayers of all who knew her,
her three former men by no means least of all,
it never occurred to him to leave her.

WHAT IS THE SOUND OF A SINGLE COOKIE CRUMBLING

There is no ethnicity of cuisine that I less enjoy
than that of the Chinese.
Ever since she discovered my aversion to essence of soy,
Chinese food has become my girlfriend's favorite.

At least the stuff is relatively soft,
which was just as well this particular night
because a sore left jaw
had left me barely able to chew.

So when the cookies arrived,
naturally her fortune read,
"A new romance will bring you great happiness,"
and mine, "You will talk less and listen more."